CAMP-BELL:

or

The Ironmonger's Faire Feild

[A Pageant at the installation of Sir Thomas Cambell in the office of Lord Mayor of London, 29 Oct. 1609.

(contains only sheet B. 4 leaves.)

In a goodly Island, styled *Insula beata*, or the land of Happynes, we suppose that true *Maiesty* holdeth her gouernement: This Island is round engirt with rich Rockes of Gold Oare and Chrisolytes, the maine Ocean also running naturally about it, wherein Corral, Amber, Chrysitis and the other rich gemmes of the Sea do shew themselues, as glorious embellishments to the Rockes. There, in a golden Feild or Garden, imagined of the nature of the *Hesperides*, where all the Trees and Fruites are of pure golde, do we erect *Maiesties* watch Tower, which being square, consisteth of very artificiall Colloms, Arches, Cornish, Freeze & other skilfull Architecture, but the whole bodie therof being so transparant, as both she and her royall attendants may be easily therein discerned.

In a rich Throane, which supporteth three imperiall Diademes, sitteth a beautifull Nymph, attyred aptly to her high state and dignity, in whome we presuppose the person of *Maiestie*. She hath a costly vaile of golde Tinsell on her head, & therevpon her Crowne imperiall, a Mownd in her left hand, and a golden Scepter in her right.

Directly before her, in a place answerable to her worth and merrit, do we seate *Religion*, in a Virgin vesture of pure white, vayled round with a flame colour Tinsell shadowe. She holdes a rich Booke in one hand, and a siluer rod in the other, as her Ensignes of good reward and encouragement, to the Dilligent & Studious, and desertfull chastisement of such, as by ouer-headdie zeale, or too coole remissnes, shall dare to disturb her lawes and instructions.

On either side the state, but somewhat in a lower

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discent, are seuerall seates, the one on the right hand is supplyed by a fayre and gracious Nimph tearmed *Nobilitie*, in a loose rich garment of many commixed colours, and a mantle of siluer Tinsell foulded about her, holding a siluer staffe of Counsell in her hand. The other on the left hand personates *Pollicy*, richly vesturde as a person of honour, with a siluer staffe likewise, and a roule of paper in his other hand: These are not vnapt attendants, to be euer in presence of Soueraigne Maiestie.

Lowest of all on this forefront, we place *Memorie* and *Vigillancie*, two respected handmaides to *Maiestie*, and of very serious imployment. The one to foresee and preuent domestick or forraigne vnbeseeming deuises or practises, And the other to register all occurrences, that make most for the glory of so great a gouernement, as also for the good of the weale publike, *Vigillancie* holdeth a Bell and an houre Glasse, *Memorie* a Table Booke with a siluer pen still ready to write.

So much for the forefront.

In the most eminent place behinde, & back to backe with Soueraigne *Maiestie*, we seate that euer blessed Companyon of all Royall Kingdomes, *Tranquility*, a Nimphe of gracious and Maiesticke presence, attired in Carnation, with a rich Tinsell veyle likewise vpon her head, a branch of Palme in one hand, and a fayre Chaplet or wreath of Floures in the other.

Aglaia, *Thalia*, and *Euphrosine*, tho se three gracious Deities, in whome are figured *Cheerfulnes*, *Peacefulnes*, and *Happynes*, are seated according to their seuerall degrees and condition. The first in Crimson Tinsell, the second in willowe collour, & the third in Purple.

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The last sitteth in a golden Caue, holding a faire shield wherein *Fame* triumpheth ouer *Death*. The second holdes another Shield, wherein *Eternity* treadeth vpon *Hell* and the *Deuill*, and the first hath her Shield, wherein *Tyme* sits sleeping, his houreglasse layd along and not running, and his Scithe broken in two peeces: Alluding to the continuall beatitude of *Maiesties* triumphing, which neither *Time*, *Death* |nor *Hell*, shall in our best wishes) haue power to alter.

The whole Island and Tower of soueraigne *Maiestie*, we suppose to floate vpon the calme Sea of discreete and loyall affections. Being round circkled with the immooueable Rocks, First of *Dutie*, to obey the commaund of sacred *Maiestie*, Next, enriched with the wealthie treasures of strong *Power*, to offend any insulting forraigne enemie, and to defend from the (insolence of home-bred trecherie.

Out of those Rockes (as good thoughts do dayly arise out of loyall hearts) in diuers places are to be discerned, the issuing foorth of those harmeles Serpents called Lyzards, which by *Pliine*, *Gesner*, and other writers, are said to breede in the riftes of Rockes. But according to *Cardanus*, *Mathiolus*, *Solynus*, &c. they hold them to breed in Iron Mines, and in that regard (as I guesse) the Lyzard is giuen as Creast to the Armes of the Ironmongers Society, which inciteth me the rather willingly thus to make vse of them, as sporting and playing in the Sun-shine of this royal happynes.

The Sea (as hath bene said before) round cirkling this Island and Tower, which seemeth to floate in a ceaseles motion: we order foure *Neriades* or *Trytons*, to daunce vpon the billowes thereof, at the seuerall

corners of the Island. In them we figure those foure Seas, that naturally do engirt this Island of great Brittaine: As the Germane Ocean on the East side, the *Irish* on the *West*: the *Scottish* or *Albanian* on the *North*, & the *Gallo-Belgick* or *French* on the *South*. These *Trytons*, with others of their younger broode, do play vpon instruments, as if they answered one another in Ecchoes and pleasing reportes. In briefe, this whole relation, and circumstances thereto belonging, is but a morall type or figure of his Maiesties most happie and gracious gouernement, which heauen blesse with vnaltering continuance.

To acquaint the Lord Maior, with the relation and meaning of both these deuises, and yet with such breuity as so busie a day doth conueniently require, we haue made election of the supposed shapes of great Brittaines two famous Champions, Saint *George*, and Saint *Andrew*, vnited now in estehoosing amitie. S. *George* worthily mounted vpon his conquered Dragon, and S. *Andrew* on a goodly Vnicorn, attired at all pointes as best becommeth them. And the rather haue we yeelded to this kinde of deliuery, because our time for preparation hath bene so short, as neuer was the like vndertaken by any before, nor matter of such moment so expeditiously performed. Besides, the weake voyces of so many Children, which such showes as this doe vrgently require, for personating each deuise, in a crowde of such noyse and vnciuill turmoyle, are not any way able to be vnderstood, neither their capacities to reach the full height of euery intention, in so short a limitation for study, practise, and instruction. In regard of both

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which weightie enforcements, the two imagined Champions, being men of action and audible voices, doe (on behalfe of that worthy Companie) at whoſe coſt and charge all hath bene performed, in as briefe a Method as can be deſired, expreſſe the full drift and intent of the whole dayes Tryumphe.

Saint Andrew *his ſpeech to the Lord Maior.*

HOnourable Lord, this firſt deuiſe, had it but a tongue whereby to expreſſe it ſelfe, would vſe this or the like language to you. It deriues it owne beſt conceit from the borrowed Caracter of your name, *Faire Feild*, and your name being *Campbell*, dooth argue and expreſſe the very ſame. It is a Feild, wherein, beſides the goodly Trees, Fruites, and faire Fountaine that giues it ornament, you may diſcerne a farre fayrer embelliſhment. Thoſe ſeauen royall and vnparalled Vertues, that are this lifes beſt glory, and the futures Crowne, do make it ſeeme a Feild of heauenly happines. For beſide their owne endowment of worth and excellence, deliuered in their ſeuerall names and natures: They appeare (in hopefull preſage) to foretell or prognoſticate, ſeauen gladſome and fayre nouriſhing yeares of comfort, to extenuate or wipe out the remembrance of thoſe ſeauen ſad & diſconſolate yeares paſſed. For in their heauen-borne natures, they declare a true ſenſe and feeling, of thoſe woes, wants, and calamities, which ſo long time hath lyen heauie vpon this Cittie. And ther-

fore, with this your reioycing day, beside their presence in person to honor it, they do eleuate their diuine soules in sweete Hymnes, Pæans and pleasing Songs to heauen, that their hope may succeed in happines, their expectation in the largest fulnes, and their desires to be granted endlesse.

That, as Faire Feild begins our mirthfull day,
So, ne're more may fayre Comfort fall away.

Saint George *his speech to the Lord Maior.*

WHat I haue to say woorthy Lord) must likewise be short, and sutable to this serious daies busines. Knowe then, that the tipe or figure of true born *Maiestie*, is caractered in this glorious Monument, Presenting a fortunate and happy Island, where awfull power commaundeth, true Religion with honourable Care and Councell assisteth, and Loyalty in all Dutye obeyeth. Where Tranquility backs al other blessings, and where the diuine Graces so gouerne, as neither Mallice, Time, Death nor hell it selfe, can hurt or hinder what heauen will haue to prosper. The Seas do round engirt it, as the *German*, *Irish*, *Scottish*, and *Gallo-Belgick*, figured in those Trytons liuing in that watry Element: But loyall hearts, spirits of courage, and hands inured to warre or peace, are the best walles about it, as defensiue against inuading Enuie, or homebred trecherie, as offensiue to any hot spleene of Malignitie. *So much for this.*

And now honourable Lord, I am to salute yee

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from that kinde, and no leſſe kinde then truely Worſhipfull Company of Ironmongers, of whome (by freedomes affinity) you are a worthy Brother. How their loue to you declares it ſelfe apparantly this day, I ſpare to ſpeake, becauſe that euery eye plainely diſcernes it. And let me tell you, did their number hold leuell with other Societies, or carry correſpondencie in the beſt helping matter, their bountie ſhould hardly haue gone behinde the beſt, and yet they come now but little ſhort of precedent examples. In a word, their hearts, purſſes and all are yours, but much more their loue, which goeth beyond all. So worthy Lord;

If you accept but what is done this day,
Be yours the Honour, ſo they bad me ſay.

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